

Columbia Democrat.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT

SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN, A FEW DOORS BELOW MARKET-STREET.

TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discount allowed, until all arrears are paid.

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ADDRESS.

Delivered by Dr. Thos. W. Minner to the 'Wyoming Artillerists' upon the occasion of their departure for the Seat of War.

Capt. Dana—Officers non commissioned Officers and Soldiers.

GENTLEMEN:

When I view this fine company of young men—regard your destination and the motives which lead you to the field, my heart overflows with admiration and pleasure. Your country engaged in a distant war, to vindicate her violated rights and insulted honor, called for additional men—not for the parade and encampment of a month, or a year, but for the whole war. Fully aware of the deep responsibility you assumed—the Luzerne Volunteers sprang with alacrity to arms. First in the State to proffer their services, with a numerous company—the pride of the Valley and the elite of Luzerne, you were first accepted and have the honor to be called first to the field. This promptness on your part and marked distinction by the authorities, imposes on you, new obligations. Commencing with a high character for patriotism and promptitude, we are all confident that you will redeem the pledge and sustain your reputation.

It is not in human nature but that there should be anxieties in every breast—in your own and these of your relatives and friends, whom you leave on an occasion involving so much sacrifice and responsibility. It is shared by this whole community. This company is not composed like the armies of Europe of the refuse of the streets, men flying from vice or misery, to drown in the mingled sounds of war the harsher notes of domestic want or woe. Among you—all respectable—we recognize the virtuous and intelligent parents who assume arms—as citizens of the Republic—impelled by the high behest of duty and inspired by the hope of sharing the laurels of glory, reaping in such rich profusion in the orange groves of Mexico, by our gallant and conquering army under old Rough and Ready—steadily wearing the trophies of three splendid victories.

And who shall lightly say that Fame is nothing but an empty name—When memory of the mighty dead, 'To earth worn pilgrims' wishful eye, The brightest rays of cheering shed, That point to immortality?

Soldiers—Man is a mixed compound of good and evil, of the nobler and baser passions. Selfishness, wisely I doubt not, implanted in our nature is perhaps necessary to our preservation. Avarice and individual ambition appear to control him with irresistible sway. Self-security and personal acquisition, sensual indulgence and placid ease, and the delights of life fill his eye and allure him with magic power. Sheltering himself under any pretext from impending danger, you would imagine that sel-

fishness was the master principle of his mind. Viewing man in this aspect, if not positively unamiable, you would observe little to excite respect, absolutely nothing to excite admiration or elicit praise.

But again, behold him! Power shakes over him and his country the rod of oppression. Sentiments the most noble & elevated now are his soul. His bosom swells with lofty and generous emotions. Disdaining danger, scorning fear—rising above all selfish considerations, he tramples sensuality and ease beneath his feet. He sees only the danger of his fellows. He feels only the enslavement of his country. He bursts away from the arms of duty and the tender embrace of wife, sweethearts and friends, despising all the allurements of pleasure. Like the gallant Taylor and his brave battalions, he rushes iron-nerved and lion hearted to the battle field.

Take then your farewell like men.—Let neither sorrow nor sadness darken your path, and at the beat of the drum cast all care to the winds. You are protected by the same Almighty power that rules at home. Do not think it unworthy of a Soldier to maintain an habitual reliance on His protecting arm. Never for a moment forget that you stand not alone, but are the representatives and special guardians of the honor of Luzerne. Remember in the raging of the battle, in the rush of some desperate fight, that you are Pennsylvanians, and have the character for chivalry of our noble commonwealth to sustain. Let neither Tennessee, nor Kentucky, nor Louisiana, nor Ohio surpass you. In the path of duty *be ye foremost* and most active, as in your professed service. And let the volunteers of our State in the Union, seize before you, the laurel that should wreath your brows. In the intervals of battle, remember you are gentlemen. Subdue your passions. While under the control of reason and conscience, they impel as upon the geatly rolling sea of life like animating spirits in the course of virtuous love, patriotic effort, benevolent duty and true advancement or manly resistance to wrong, but ungoverned they toss and scatter individuals as nations, like chaff on the billowy deep. More than all, keep ever in mind that you are Soldiers of the United States, our common and beloved country, that the eyes, not only of friends at home, but of all Europe, trace your course, and that national character, which is the foundation of national strength, and individual security, of Independence and Liberty, must be essentially marred or sustained by your conduct.

Gentlemen—I cannot leave the subject here. Your high character for intelligence, warrants me in unfolding to you another and broader view of the subject, national in its aspect and which in my view, gives increased dignity and importance to your expedition. Whatever differences of opinion may have existed in respect to the annexation of Texas, the deed is done, the marriage is consummated. Texas is a sister State of the Union, her representatives vote, and have voted, in the national councils, and there are few wise men, I trust who would see that State repudiated from the confederacy. Our armies have not only taken Matamoros and Monterrey, but the whole of California, and nearly two thousand miles of coast south of Oregon on the Pacific ocean. Scenes of vast extent and imposing magnitude open before us. This is not mere change. It is revolution.

Mark me! Soldiers, that coast on the Pacific and the intervening country to the Atlantic, can never be given up. We must and will hold it, as by the un-

relenting grasp of Death. No administration can or dare make peace with Mexico, and give it back. If any other nation, European or American, shall interfere; you are training, and 50,000 more are training, I trust to defend it to the last extremity. Besides the controversy respecting Texas, we have long existing and grievous wrongs to complain of against Mexico.—

Years ago, according to well established national law, we should have been justified in waging war against her to obtain redress by force. Indemnity for the expenses of the war, by every just principle, we are entitled to. Mexico is poor and cannot pay us otherwise. Mexico is treacherous and faithless; and would not, if she could. Necessity, sanctioned by justice, then warrants us in making our possession permanent, while the soundest and most enlarged policy approves the deed.—That Pacific coast in the hands of unenterprising ignorance, has been too long withheld in desolate darkness and useless sterility from the wants of commerce and the seeming labors of the plough.

And what is it but resuming our own? All the early claims of the Atlantic settlements extended fairly to the Pacific. These claims have been for a time in abeyance, not extinct. They have slept, but were not dead. Providence has opened a way to their resumption, and we are faithful to our country and mankind, if we do not sail ourselves off to—Soldiers! You are not to march to aid in effecting this gigantic and noble duty.

Let us arouse ourselves and expand our minds to grasp this great subject, and trace it in some of its more important and interesting aspects. The Pacific Ocean and its capabilities for commerce is just opening to the world. Twice as large as the Atlantic and less liable to storms, it covers fifty millions of square miles. Its ten thousand islands—the Indian and Chinese coast and countries teeming with myriads of industrious people, with all their countless wants and wealth & trade are brought near neighbors to us by the power of steam, and the wonderful facilities of Railroad transportation.

The most sagacious cannot begin to see—the boldest would fail to predict the result of thirty years peaceful possession of that ocean coast, on the trade and prosperity of the United States.

A projected railroad to Oregon, deemed yesterday a visionary scheme, will now find hands to do, and energy to accomplish it.—Another road further south, and passing by its track through more genial climates will connect the Mississippi with the Pacific. Let us say to the hardy, the virtuous and oppressed, of every nation, from overpopulated Europe, especially to the industrious German and noble hearted Irishman here is an inviting asylum, where you may find not only rest and plenty, but rise to the dignity of freemen. Let streams of emigrants, fourfold as great as the Crusades poured into Asia flow onward and onward to people California and Oregon.—Let new states grow up there, based upon Freedom speaking the English tongue, the language of Liberty, founded with two representative chambers to add new and lustreous stars bright though distant and beautiful as Verrier, though far away, to add new splendor to our glorious constellation. Send thither the ballot box, that foe to, and detestation of tyrants—send thither Magna Charta, the trial by jury, a learned and independent judiciary—the Bible and ministers of the gospel, common schools and the schoolmaster, with his spelling book, his ferule and birch. Rear the temple of justice. Let the spires of churches dedicated each in its own denomination to freedom and piety, point in thousands of villages to the skies, where anthems of praise and solemn prayer may rise in worship to the great Jehovah, awakening in those, now scenes of desolation, all that is bright and beautiful in freedom, all that is refined and joyful in civilization. To aid in accomplishing all this, gentlemen, is part of your mission.

All these charming visions, so full fraught with blessings to the weak, how will they affect the interests of the old thirteen Atlantic States? This is a grave and most important enquiry. I answer, in my opinion healthfully and invigoratingly. Take year he died on the powder which he over-Pennsylvania and the States easterward, flowed with his blood. His friends and most deeply engaged in commerce and manufacturers. That sailing vessels of every description, steam ships of every size, will be demanded for this western trade for many years in a compound ratio of increase skepticism cannot doubt. Every ship yard and every material for building on the whole eastern coast, would be in steady and profitable demand. Vast wealth would flow in upon us from the Indies. The lightning Telegraph would daily announce from some western Philadelphia the prices current. Our system of revenue laws extending from ocean to ocean, and embracing the shores of both seas, incidental protection would be afforded to all manufactured articles throughout this wide extent of country presently to embrace a population of one hundred millions of consumers.

In this state of things while all New England would prosper, the manufacturers of Pennsylvania and more especially her coal and iron would find a profitable development equaling the hopes of the most sanguine. In the mean time, while the nation is growing in magnitude if some men honestly timid are disposed to fear let us remember that our arms and our household gods our home laws and domestic institutions are by our own State constitution under our own supervision and protection and in the event of unforeseen evils, springing up we are not only prepared but have the undoubted power now as we ever have had, to defend and protect ourselves. Let us then hear no whisperings of disunion.—Treason is in the thought and ruin in the consummation. Let us cling closer and closer to our Federal constitution as the safe guard of freedom, the citadel of power. Let us scan with bold and unblenching eye this great revolution mark its progress, and judiciously take advantage of the immense changes to secure the benefits it must introduce.

There are those living yet, who remember well when the savage contested sharply for the Ohio, as the north western boundary of the white man. Behold that northwestern territory is now inhabited by a more numerous population than the whole confederacy contained at the close of the Revolutionary war. There were many of the good and wise who saw the annexation of Louisiana with serious apprehension. Mark the blessings and prosperity derived from the Union. They are unappreciable in their extent and value. It is difficult for our sluggish minds to keep pace with our advancing greatness and increased growth. Do you see that star said Napoleon? Do you see that star said Napoleon? The star of our destiny leads this nation to a position of elevation the world has never witnessed. May wisdom guide our councils, and fortitude nerve the arm of our soldiers. Gentlemen: you go on a great and glorious errand Farewell, Farewell. Our confidence and love go with you.—May God Almighty protect and return you, your brows wreathed with laurels to our welcome and embrace.

Glorious Record.—At New London, Connecticut, the following inscription is found on a grave stone. The records of ancient Rome or Greece do not exhibit a nobler instance of patriot heroism:—On the 30th of October, 1752, 4000 English fell upon the town with fire and swords. 700 Americans defended the fort for a whole day; but in the evening about 4 o'clock it was taken. The commander of the besieged delivered up his sword to an Englishman, who immediately stabbed him. All his comrades were put to the sword. A line of powder was then laid from the magazine of the fort to the sea, there to be lighted thus to blow the fortresses into the air. William Hotman, who lay not far distant, by three strokes of the bayonet in his body beheld it and said to one of his wounded friends who was still alive: 'We will endeavour to crawl to this line we will completely wet the powder with our blood and thus will we with the little life that remains to us save the fort magazine and per-

haps a few of our comrades who are only faintly States! This is a grave and most important enquiry. I answer, in my opinion healthfully and invigoratingly. Take year he died on the powder which he over-Pennsylvania and the States easterward, flowed with his blood. His friends and most deeply engaged in commerce and manufacturers. That sailing vessels of every description, steam ships of every size, will be demanded for this western trade for many years in a compound ratio of increase skepticism cannot doubt. Every ship yard and every material for building on the whole eastern coast, would be in steady and profitable demand. Vast wealth would flow in upon us from the Indies. The lightning Telegraph would daily announce from some western Philadelphia the prices current. Our system of revenue laws extending from ocean to ocean, and embracing the shores of both seas, incidental protection would be afforded to all manufactured articles throughout this wide extent of country presently to embrace a population of one hundred millions of consumers.

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A dandy asked a barber's boy if he had ever shaved a monkey? 'No, sir,' answered the lad, 'but if you will take a seat I'll try.'

After this narrative are the following words in large characters:—HERE RESTS WILLIAM HOTMAN.—Hartford Cour.

A SIMPLE STORY.

About one hundred years ago, there lived in Massachusetts a clergyman who had a respectable neighbor belong to his parish, who was notoriously addicted to lying, not from any malicious or pecuniary purpose, but from a perverse habit. He was every day grieved by the evil example of his neighbor.—The person was Captain Clark, a friend of the person in all temporal matters, and a man useful in the parish. But his example was a source of much inquietude to the person. He was determined to preach a sermon for the occasion. Accordingly he took his text, 'Lie not to one another.'

He expatiated on the folly, wickedness, and evil example of lying, in such a pointed manner, that nearly every person present thought him aiming at the captain. Meeting being done some one said to the captain, 'What did you think of the sermon?' 'Excellent, excellent,'—he replied; but I could not for my life keep my eyes off of old mother Symington, for the person certainly meant her.'

This story was told the writer by his mother, who was a daughter of the clergyman, and heard the sermon; to which she added, 'My son, when you hear any folly or vice exhibited from the pulpit, before you look out for a mother Symington, look within yourself and see if Captain Clark is not there.' Her advice had some effect, and may have a gain.

A Sensible Doctor.—A pretty young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three distressing complaints with which she was afflicted.

'In the first place,' said she, I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that Doctor?

'For that madam you should take sit and exercise.'

'And, Doctor, I am quite fidgety at night and afraid to lie alone. What shall I take for that?'

'For that Madam, I can only recommend that you take—husband!'

Fie! Doctor. But I have the blues, terribly. What shall I take for that?'

'For that, madam you have besides taking air, exercise and a husband, to take—the Newspapers. Sensible Doctor that.'

A Credible Witness.—Two claimants for one dog lately appeared before a justice of the peace, in a town near Boston. Several witnesses swore positively to the ownership of each litigant; when the sagacious magistrate directed the plaintiff to take his place on his right and the defendant to occupy a corresponding position on the left; he dug in dispute being remanded to a part of the room. The parties were then commanded to whistle, when the dog made for the defendant.

'Mr. —,' said the justice to the clerk record the decision for defendant; the dog is the only credible witness in the case.'

I got some boot in that bargain,' as the loafer said when he got kicked out of doors.

A Retreat for disabled, the diocese of about to be established, by the Maryland, Episcopal Church, Protestant.

A GOOD TEST.

We heard a story the other day which is too good to be lost. Farmer Dickens for so we will call him one of the neighboring York county farmers, elike noted for his shrewdness and pretty girl was visited by Jo Jenkins under pretence of trading oxen while his real object was to secure one of Farmer Dicken's daughters. Finding no way to accomplish the real object without a direct appeal to the old man he ventured to pop the question, and received in return a most decided negative. Jo was not shrewd enough to manage for the girls. Jo nothing daunted, pushed the trade in oxen and in spite of the farmer's shrewdness succeeded in a bargain by which the old man found himself essentially 'shaved.' At the next appearance of Jo at Farmer Dicken's all was changed and the old man at once declared that he might go ahead for if he was shrewd enough to cheat him he could risk him with the girls. He went ahead; took possession of his desired object and thus far has shown that the old man was not in error as to his conclusion. [Cagle.

A clergyman being indisposed and confined to bed sent his servant to see what hour it was by a sun-dial which was fastened to a post in his garden. The servant went there but being at a loss to find it out thought the shortest way was to pluck up the post. He did so and carried it to his master with the sun dial say ing to him here it is sir look at it yourself for it is all a mystery to me.'

'Master Bugins' come up and tell me who was Cleopatra?—'Cleopatra was sister to one of the Hegy pis and come to her on a happy end by swallowin' of a wasp.' 'Good boy good boy—you'll be a Gibbon one of these days.'

A matter of fact old gentlemen in New England whose wife was a thorough destructionist was awakened out of sleep one stormy March night with.

'Husband! did you hear that noise?—It's Gabriel coming! It's the sound of his chariot wheels!'

'Oh! pahaw you old fool!' replied the good man did you suppose Gabriel's such an ass as to come on wheels in such good sleighing as this? I tell you it's the wind—turn over and go to sleep.'

Pathetic.—A learned young lady being asked at a tea table if she used sugar replied—'I have a diabolical invincible repugnance to sugar for in my insensible cognitions upon the subject the flavor of the sugar nullifies the flavor of the tea and renders it vastly obnoxious!'

A Contemporary speaks of sleeping on a fence rail with two yards of rope for a covering. Some people's accommodations are rather short, truly.

A Honorable Digression.—It is contemplated to bestow on General de la Vega, the honorary degree of L. I. D. which means Licked Like the D—t.

Why is grass like a mouse? Because the cat'll eat it.

The way to say it—'Adeline! ah, Adeline!'

'Well, how?'

'Dost thou love me? Delight of my soul! Tell me, dost thou?'

'Oh, heavens! Don't I?'

'And wilt thou have me then, fair angel?'

'When? Jaky, when? (With great earnestness.)'

'To-morrow, sweet one, to-morrow.'

'Good gracious! did you ever! Well, I won't do nuthin' else.'

'Ah, John, my uncle has been in New York, and yourn hant!—'Well, what of that—my uncle has been in jail, as yourn hant!'

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